The Deep Sea Peril

By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

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MAC[illegible]D ROBS PAGET OF MASTERMA[illegible] DOCUMEN[illegible]
PERTAINING TO THE STRANGE[illegible]CE.

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Lieutenant Donald Paget, just given command of a fleets at Washington an old friend and d[illegible]nguished though eccentric scientist, Captain Masterman. [illegible]sterman has just returned from an exploring expedition, bringing with him a member of the species, he asserts, menaces the existence of whose humanity. At the club, the "March Hare," Masterman explains his recital is interrupted by the arrival of a lifelong enemy of Masterman, Ira MacBeard, and the former is seized with a fatal paralytic stroke. From Masterman's body Paget secures documents bearing upon the discovery and proceeds to the home of the scientist.

CHAPTER III—(Continued.)

He could trace the movements, as of some invisible body. He saw the ripples glide forward along the surface, strike the glass wall opposite, and continue at a right angle, turning again and again as the creature continued on its steady course. The sensation was uncanny. Captain Masterman's words came back to Donald: "I've brought my specimen home." He was aware of an impulse to bolt. Instead of which, however, he concentrated all his attention on the tank.

The movements in the water subsided. Donald had the impression that the invisible creature had stopped and was regarding him. He saw a gentle swirl as if a body stood upright within the tank. Then a sound from the second tank drew him toward it.

It was a musical ringing, exactly like that produced by drawing the finger tip around the top of a bowl of water—a long-drawn sound, sweet and clear. Donald looked into this tank, which was open at the top and not connected with the apparatus. But he could see nothing there, either.

He turned back to the first tank, and all at once he perceived two black specks, close together, halfway between the top of the water and the glass roof. Each was about the size of a small currant. Donald went nearer. He saw them move. Then he started backward, overcome with horror.

The black specks were the pupils of a pair of eyes fixed on his and following them!

Like all sailors, Donald Paget was not free from superstition. Any known danger he could have faced bravely, but this unknown thing was terrifying. He felt his knees give under him. His impulse was to fly.

He turned, and at that moment something descended upon his head and struck him, half conscious, to the floor.

Dimly, through the gathering mists, he made out the form of a middle-aged bearded man. He saw the red face, the shrewd gray eyes that looked into his, and recognized MacBeard. Beside him lay the sandbag with which the man had felled him.

Unable to move, Donald felt MacBeard rifling his pockets one by one, until he came upon the envelope containing Masterman's communication. MacBeard drew it forth with a grunt and stood up under the gas to examine it.

A brief survey satisfied him that he had found what he was seeking. He grunted again and looked down at Donald. Apparently satisfied with his work, he turned toward the water tanks. He must have heard the splashing of the monster as it resumed its journeyings, for he started an instant, and then, as if curious, he drew nearer to the first of the tanks with the air-pipe attachment.

He stood quite still, looking at the thing in the water. Donald wondered whether he had discovered it, and whether he had perceived the eyes.

He knew in a moment, for with a yell MacBeard started backward. He stumbled against one of the palms and sent it crashing to the floor.

MacBeard, who had fallen with it, picked himself up and ran in terror. Donald heard his footsteps pattering along the flags outside. He heard the slam of the creaking gate. He knew that the professor, having obtained the document, was not likely to return. And he could not blame him for his nervousness, for he had almost done the same thing himself.

Donald staggered to his feet, clutched at the wall to steady himself, and remained thus, while the swimming room gradually grew still. The light from the gas-jet fell upon the water tanks. And, looking at the farther tank, Donald had a queer illusion.

He thought he saw the very misty outlines of the body of a beautiful woman, the merest shadowy shape, which swam before his eyes and was gone, and reappeared, veiled in a sort of prismatic blend of coloring.

But before he had time to convince himself that it was or was not the result of his injury, to his horror he perceived very clearly a cloudy form beginning to take shape within the nearer tank.

The outlines grew clearer momentarily. He saw what seemed to be the body of a hairless monkey, supporting itself upon webbed feet, or flappers. Budding out from the sides were two similar arms, the webbed hands pressing against the sides of the tank.

The outlines were at first so vague as to be almost imperceptible; then the crystalline body became opalescent and milky, resembling the white of an egg. It hardened and, as it hardened, swelled. Donald saw the chest heave, the gaplike mouth contorted.

And suddenly he realized that this grotesque, pitiful thing was suffering!

He saw immediately that the professor's fall had disarranged the tubes that led from the tank. That, and the removal of the glass lid, which MacBeard's tumble had knocked to the floor, had reduced the air pressure to normal. The creature was suffering because there were only 16 pounds of air upon each square inch of its surface. It suffered just as a human being suffers on a high mountain.

It squirmed and writhed, and the water was churned up by its flappers. The gill openings beneath the ears flapped convulsively. Donald could do nothing. He knew that it was growing visible because it was dying, as happens with the crystalline crabs and other invisible denizens of the deep sea. Soon the force of the internal pressure would disrupt it.

He turned off the gas and staggered out through the kitchen into the little garden. He knew now that Masterman's story had some germ of truth: he had discovered some species of deep-water-seal, and his mind, strained by his privations, had imagined the rest. Why, he himself had almost imagined he had seen a woman in the second tank!

He reached the gate, opened it, slammed it, and ran down the road. He did not cease running till he pulled himself up under a street light. He realized then that he was hatless; people were staring after him.

And, looking back, he imagined that he saw the shadowy outlines of the girl's body beneath the light of the lamp.

"I'm going crazy!" he muttered. "It's been a crazy night. I wonder—I wonder how much of it happened and how much was the result of the blow!"

And he half believed MacBeard had never existed, and that a burglar had assaulted him.

But, as he thrust his hands into the pockets of his trousers, he pulled out the single page of Masterman's manuscript, and then he knew that there was at least some basis for the remembrances that surged through his busy brain.

Under the light of the next lamp he read the page.

"My dear friend Donald," it began. Then followed the lines which Paget had begun in the Inventors' club, but never finished. There was the warning against MacBeard, "the enemy of the human race." Then Masterman had written:

So much I have learned, but I know little. He has the shrewdest brain of the century, and it is capable of infinite evil. Not as a tale-bearer, Donald, but out of duty to humanity, I here set down what I have discovered about him. If he knew that his past was revealed, my life would be worth less than even the two months which my doctor gives me.

He has been tracking me, spying on me. I learned only today that he has a fast motorboat in readiness off the coast to make the journey to the Shetlands as soon as he has discovered all that I know. You must thwart him, and under no circumstances let him get hold of this manuscript. His history is as follows:

Donald scanned the rest of the page hastily. MacBeard's past, though it seemed shady and criminal, had little

He Stumbled Against One of the Palms and Sent It Crashing to the Floor.

interest for Donald then. He resolved to put Masterman out of his mind in attention to his duties.

Of one thing only he was sure: he was not going back to the house to see whether there were any more specimens.

Somehow—he never quite remembered how—Donald found a hotel, explained his appearance to the landlord, obtained fresh clothing, sent for his valise, drank three hot whisky toddies, and got to bed.

CHAPTER IV.

The Quest of the Sea Shark.

Lieutenant Donald Paget stood on the upper platform of the F55, which ran awash in the waves of the North Atlantic, far from the mother ship which had convoyed her and others of the flotilla almost to the north of Scotland.

The frail little craft hummed noisily as her petrol motors drove the twin screws through the water. The F55, one of the older type of submarine, was making ten knots through a difficult sea. Within her 250 feet by 15 she held an amazing potentiality for destruction.

Above the conning tower rose the single periscope for the captain or lookout man—now almost useless, should the F55 submerge herself, on account of the washing seas. Within the tower were the observation port, depth meter, and tubes connecting with the engine room and torpedo station. The platform quivered incessantly as the periscope motor underneath throbbed, and the vibration of the engines made the entire vessel shiver.

In the few days that he had been at sea the sense of responsibility for his ship and the lives of his men had weighed on Donald heavily. Now, entering the conning tower, and taking his stand beside the lookout man, he seemed to assume a dual personality. One part of him bent itself automatically to its task. The other was thinking over the events of the past few days, and pondering on their significance.

On the day following his visit to Baltimore, Donald had telegraphed repeatedly to New York, but no news had been received of the Beotia, and he had been unable to obtain any information concerning her from any of the port officials. He had finally gone aboard at Newport News in a very disappointed frame of mind, hopeless of meeting Ida Kennedy until after the war.

The chances of his surviving it did not appear to him to be brilliant ones.

A last message from the mother ship informed him to keep his course toward the Shetlands. He was instructed that a battle cruiser had slipped out of the Kiel canal and was lurking somewhere among the Norwegian fjords, with a view to evading the blockade, making for the Atlantic, and harassing shipping there. The inference from this statement was an obvious one, for the American fleet's patrol joined the British in this longitude.

"Smoke to starboard, sir!"

Sam Clouts, the lookout, was speaking, and instantly the two parts of Donald's personality fused. Ida Kennedy was forgotten. Upon the horizon, through his glasses, Donald could see a tiny spiral of curling smoke.

He flung over the surface steering wheel and headed the F55 straight for the stranger. From that distance he knew that, while he could see the funnels of the ship, the submarine was invisible, owing to the curvature of the earth.

Relinquishing the wheel to Clouts, he watched the stranger. Gradually the smoke thickened; then there came into view two funnels, and a hull half invisible among the chopping waves.

It was impossible to mistake the oncoming ship. She was a battle cruiser of the Bluecher class, and she could only be escaping westward to harry commerce along the Atlantic trade route. With her fast heels and 12-inch guns, she could match any unit afloat except those of the home squadron.

Donald's luck was with him after all.

She was proceeding west-nor'-west, evidently purposing to round the Shetlands and so gain the shelter of the open seas. It was a daring maneuver, and she would certainly be sighted by the British destroyer flotilla. Still, though she could hardly outsteam these fast little craft, she might beat them off and escape before either the British or the American blockading vessels could come upon the scene.

Donald spoke a sharp command into the tube of the diving station. The hatch was jammed down. The horizontal rudders at the bow were deflected, the water rushed into the diving tanks, and the F55 began to dip. The surface running light slanted seaward as the bow went under, and slowly regained poise as the stern followed, bringing the F55 back to an even keel. The hum of the petrol motors ceased, the hull was filled with the roar of the inrushing water; then the electric motors took up their steady throbbing.

"Five meters!" announced the man at the depth indicator. "Six meters! Seven—half!"

Paget sinks a German cruiser and Ida Kennedy enters the story.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

TABLET HARD TO SWALLOW

Physician Has Provided Safeguard Against Accidental Poisoning by Bichloride of Mercury.

At the annual meeting of the American Pharmaceutical association, Louis Spencer Levy described a "safe bichloride tablet." The user is safeguarded against mistaking it for a headache tablet, probably the most frequent mistake, by the addition to the ingredients of about 1 per cent of pungent oils, such as capsicum or mustard, and by shaping the tablet so that it is practically impossible to swallow.

Regarding the latter form of protection the author says: "Very few persons find much difficulty in swallowing pieces of food of considerable size, but anything of rodlike shape, about 1¼ inches long, cannot be swallowed without great difficulty, if at all, even with water. I have, therefore, designed a tablet of this length, about one-fourth inch wide and about one-eighth inch thick, weighing about 1.6 grammes. If you try to swallow anything this shape, you will get the surprise of your life."

Instruments of Precision.

Accuracy is one of the most necessary qualifications of the present-day business girl—or so it would appear from the following conversation overheard the other day in the park: "So I answered the 'phone, and he said, 'Is Mr. X. there?' and I said, 'Yes, do you want to see him?' and then what do you think he said? He said, 'My dear girl, this is not a telescope; this is a telephone.'"—Manchester Guardian.

Where Looks Count.

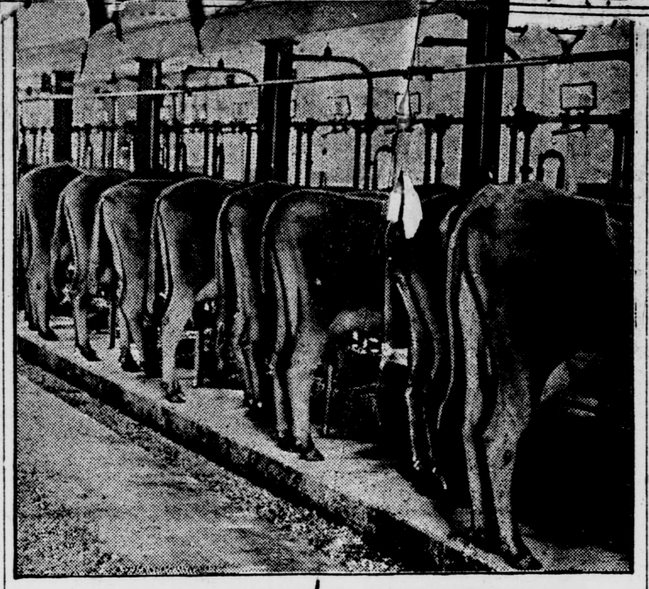
Lawyer (to handsome female defendant)—"Sob a whole lot, but shed no tears. Nothing will prejudice a jury against you like a red nose and watery eyes."

Made [illegible]
[illegible]ars old.

A F[illegible]about [illegible] One.

"Have you[illegible], etc. [illegible]ories as to helf-help?"

"Certainly [illegible]s to help yourself to anything SECOND-HAND you can."



INTERIOR OF WELL-EQUIPPED MODERN DAIRY STABLE.

(By W. M. KELLEY.)

Good stable management is an important factor in determining the profits from the dairy herd during the winter. The first essential is that the cows be comfortable, because a cow kept otherwise can never do her best.

She must have a comfortable place to lie down, stand up, move and stretch her limbs and lick herself all over the body. She must have sunshine and plenty of light. She may have pure air to breathe, and this means that the stable must be provided with some system of ventilation to give a frequent change of air.

This need not be expensive, only a little forethought and a few dollars' worth of material and labor. She must have good pure water at least twice a day, or better still, have an automatic water basin at her side.

The stable should be cleaned daily, and be thoroughly disinfected. The ceiling, floor and sides should all be smooth, and of concrete construction, and the fixtures largely iron. It is not expensive, and they are sanitary and permanent.

Large, smooth, concrete mangers for feeding are about the best we know of today. Judgment and common sense must be exercised in the methods of feeding and handling cows. Fixed rules in feeding are not practical.

Best Feeding Methods.

Overfeeding is wasteful; underfeeding is unprofitable. The cows must be well nourished at all times, but if given more than they need for maintenance and production, they waste it as a rule.

Never stir up dust or foul odors at milking time. If you do, a lot of it is sure to get into the milk.

Whether to feed the cows just before milking is a much debated question. It is not at all dangerous to feed them a little grain, provided you stir up no dust or disagreeable odors.

As a rule, the cows will give down their milk more freely when they have contented minds, and a little of the right kind of feed goes a long way toward bringing about this contented state of mind. Never clean the stables just before milking, for it will stir up a tenfold odor than any feed the cows will eat.

Conserve Soil Fertility.

If there is any question before the farmers of this country of more importance than that of conserving the soil's fertility, I am not cognizant of it.

The most important business of dairy farmers is to increase the quantity of manurial substances and apply it where it is most needed.

All of the manure, both liquid and solid, should be saved and applied to the land. I believe it is best to haul it from the stable to the field and apply it as fast as made.

When all the liquids have been saved by the use of absorbents, large amounts of manure may be made and, if it is hauled to the fields direct from the stable, these liquids will drain into the soil to the depth of the furrow slice, and there will be little loss from exposure.

In addition, the cows will not be wading knee-deep in the mire and filth every time they are turned out in the yards for water and exercise. Most of the work comes at a time when other farm operations are slack; and the soil, besides enriched, plows easier and works up better during the whole of the next season, on account of being porous by being covered with manure during the winter.

Time to Haul Manure.

When hauling manure from the stable to the field, we plan to haul the farther fields while the ground is frozen, and close to the barn while soft and muddy.

There is no reasonable excuse for a dairy farmer to allow more than one-third of his manurial fertility to wash away in a dirty, filthy barnyard, and spend one or two weeks during the busy season in the spring to haul it across the muddy fields to get it on his land.

WINTER KILLING OF TREES EXPLAINED

Loss of Moisture Results in More or Less Drying Up of Tissues of the Plant.

(By C. B. WALDRON, Missouri College of Agriculture.)

It is commonly supposed that if trees are given a sufficiently moist soil during their growing period that their winter condition in this respect is a matter of little importance.

As a matter of fact, trees are giving off moisture at all seasons of the year though to a much less extent, of course, in cold weather. During the warm sunny days in winter there is a considerable loss of moisture through the twigs and except in very severe weather the roots are able to furnish this loss though the soil about them be frozen. The ability to do this is naturally less if the soil be dry or frozen very hard. In that case the loss of moisture results in a more or less complete drying up of the tissues of the plant and this often results in the death of the tree.

What is known as root killing may in some instances be due to the immature or unripe condition of the plant when winter begins, but in most cases root-killing follows dry seasons.

If the soil has been kept moist by cultivation or mulching the trees are safe but if the soil is dry it should be thoroughly wet before freezing and then mulched with old straw, chaff or stable manure to prevent drying out.

The mulch delays freezing and this in itself is an important item, as it is the long continued frozen state of woody plants that injures them to a fatal degree.

A moist soil, then, kept in an unfrozen condition as long as possible is the surest means to prevent winter killing of trees.

Prevent This Loss.

Rats destroy grain when newly planted, while it is growing, in shocks, stalks, mow, crib, granary, elevator, car, or ship.

Success With Stock.

To conduct live stock farms successfully, care must be taken to have the pasture located so it will be of easy access to all parts of the farm.

Damage by One Rat.

One rat will eat or spoil four bushels of grain a year. It costs $2 or $3 a year to feed a rat on your place.

Helps Quantity of Manure.

Plenty of bedding helps the quantity of manure, and certainly makes the horse look better.

EXPERIMENTS WITH CROPPING SYSTEMS

Results Obtained at Missouri College Show That Rotation and Manuring Pays.

Experiments at the University of Missouri college of agriculture with various cropping systems in rotation with and without manures have given the following results:

1. Crop rotation has been as efficient in maintaining a yield of corn during the 25-year period as the addition of seven tons of manure annually where corn has been grown continuously.

2. Very heavy applications of commercial fertilizers on all crops of a six-year rotation have maintained the corn yield at approximately the same level as the application of seven tons of manure annually, although the cost of fertilizer has exceeded the value of the increase, the manure has brought a net return.

3. Continuous timothy, manured annually seven tons per acre for 25 years, has brought the largest annual net return, $9.55 per acre, of any of the systems used, where both cost of production and cost of treatment are considered.

On the last basis continuous timothy without treatment netted $5.19 annually, a rotation of corn, wheat, clover netted $2.97 annually, without manure, and $4.87 with seven tons of manure annually. Continuous corn without manure lost $2.29 annually, corn manured, 41 cents annually, while continuous wheat heavily fertilized lost $11.30, and a six year rotation heavily fertilized lost $11.47.

4. All crop rotations brought a net return; the manured rotations averaged much higher than the unmanured. Thus, these experiments show that rotation combined with manuring pays.

Grind Grains for Cows.

It is always desirable to grind all grains for the dairy cow because of the large amount of feed that a cow must digest in order to produce well.

Teach Horse to Walk.

There is one advantage in teaching a horse to walk well and that is, he is not injured in the least in any way for any other gait.

Well-Drained Under Soil.

Do you realize that soil well under drained can be worked deeper and will stand drought and wet spells much better?

Bitter Milk From Cows.

Very often cows give bitter milk toward the close of their lactation period.

The Latest [illegible] Ov[illegible] ... WALLS

[illegible]vernor R[illegible]g[illegible] Anna

[illegible]vernor Harrington returned [illegible]—
[illegible]iston, Ala., Monday and as soon [illegible]
[illegible]ssing executive business shall hav[illegible]
[illegible]en disposed of he will take up the [illegible]
[illegible]edious task of framing the budget to [illegible]
be submitted to the next General Assembly. In this task the Governor will summons to his aid the head of the several departments of the state government and of commissioners, the superintendents of all institutions supported wholly or in part by the state, including colleges, academies, hospitals for the insane and similar institutions. The Board of State Aid and Charities will be a most valuable body in supplying necessary information in regard to institutions, schools and hospitals.

The old practice of delegations and of other representatives of state-aided institutions going to Annapolis and pleading before committees for appropriations is now obsolete. They will lay their wants before the Governor, who will incorporate in the budget appropriations which in his judgment each institution ought to receive, and from this judgment there is no appeal. The General Assembly may decrease, but it cannot increase a single item in the budget. This radical change, which is one of the many brought about by the new system, is considered necessary on the theory that the total sum of expenditures by the state will fit in with the receipts during the period for which the budget is framed, thus making a deficit in the State Treasury impossible. The new method is designed to do away with log-rolling and other undesirable practices in the General Assembly. The fact is not overlooked, however, that it lodges great powers in the hands of the Governor—powers which may be utilized for perpetuation of political influence. Political friends and supporters may be favored to the disadvantage of the heads of institutions who do not bask in the executive smile.

Preparatory to their part in framing the budget the superintendents of the several hospitals for the insane will meet this week and will discuss the several appropriations which in their judgment they will need for maintenance and for other purposes during the next two years. Because of the increase in the cost of living larger sums will be needed for these hospitals, especially those which have not had facilities for increasing home-grown products. At the Springfield Hospital these products amount to thousands of dollars and may keep its annual appropriation within the present figure.

To Stop Food Gouging.

Edwin G. Baetjer, food administrator for Maryland, will, so far as in his power lies, endeavor to put a stop to food price gouging. He proposes to publish daily the prices of the principal foods.

This movement to prevent food gouging is the result of a conference held in Washington between the state's food administrators and the members of the National Food Administration. It has the sancton of the National Association of Retail Grocers and the National Wholesale Grocers' Association.

"The plan of price regulation," said Mr. Baetjer, "is one that is calculated to bring about a fair, equal price to the consumer and to suppress any attempt at food-price gouging. Most of these cases are isolated ones and the National Association of Retail Grocers has promised its co-operation in the work."

Mr. Baetjer conferred with members of the leading wholesale and retail grocery trade. He says he is finding the grocers willing to give active and moral support to the plan. He also said that the price regulation, as proposed by the National Food Association, would protect the honest dealer from any imputation of overcharging and would relieve the retailers of the odium cast upon them by a few dishonest ones, who are taking advantage of the war situation to overcharge.

State's Food Army Wins Big Victory.

Maryland's food army is victorious. The quota of 130,000 pledges for food conservation the United States Food Administration asked of the state has been completed. The total signed pledges received is 129,985, with several hundred more expected.

Though they were confident of reaching the mark set for them, nevertheless there was considerable rejoicing by the leaders of the army when it was learned that the drive against waste had been a success, in spite of the organized opposition from pro-Germans who tried to hamper the progress of the army.

There are still a few captains and lieutenants in the city and the county districts who may turn in several hundred more cards. All the cards will be tabulated and filed for instant reference should any retailer be reported as trying to unduly raise the price of his commodities. All women in the neighborhoods of such dealers will be notified of the attempted gouging and will be advised to trade elsewhere.

The Girls' Canning Club of Easton has donated a large part of their canned goods to the soldier boys.

According to Josephus the walnut tree was formerly common in Palestine and grew luxuriantly around the Sea of Tiberius.

A story comes from Riverdale, N. H., to the effect that pigeon belonging to Robert Ingersoll sat on a hen's [illegible] and hatched a chicken.

Horse-drawn, a new grad[illegible] loads earth from its [illegible] body, from which it [illegible] at once or spread[illegible]

THINGS SEEN AN[illegible]

At the annual meeting of [illegible] branch of the Needlewo[illegible] America officers and di[illegible] elected.

Mrs. Sarah C. Hil[illegible] of Robert G. Hilton, Unit[illegible] Subtreasurer at Baltimore [illegible]t her home in Rockville, aged W. L[illegible]rs. She had been in poor health [illegible]ng time, and her death, which w[illegible]e to general debility, was not u[illegible]pected.

Accidentally shot thr[illegible]gh the abdomen while gunning, Alf[illegible]d Walker, 23 years old, of Edgewater, South River, Anna Arundel county, is a patient at the Annapolis Emergency Hospital, where his condition is regarded as extremely grave by the physicians. The load of shot went through the young man's body.

Former Sheriff William M. Clark died at his home in Vale. He was one of the best known citizens of Harford county. He had been ill for four weeks of typhoid fever. He was 51 years old. Eleven children and his widow and two grandchildren survive him. Sheriff Clark was a member of the Odd Fellows.

A. C. Kline, of Waleska, Ga., is at the Allegany Hospital with one leg crushed off at the knee and the other leg badly maimed, the result of rails rolling down in a car on which he was brakeman on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, near Hyndman. He was caught against the end of the car.

The scarcity of labor, sugar and coal in Laurel is causing great inconvenience to the residents, as sugar can hardly be bought at any store, while what coal the dealers have on hand they are unable to haul, owing to the scarcity of labor, their former employers now being employed at Camp Meade at a higher rate of pay, daily or monthly, boys and others receiving $3 a day and more.

Chateau Dawn, the handsome residence of Charles Ernest Steinmeyer, on the Washington-Baltimore Boulevard, was destroyed by fire. The fire started on the roof from sparks of a broom-sage fire opposite the home. The chemical engine company of Riverdale responded, but the fire had gotten beyond control. It is understood the loss is about $10,000.

Agreeing with the idea advanced some time ago by Commissioner of Motor Vehicles E. Austin Baughman, State's Attorney Aaron R. Anders, of Frederick, has declared himself in favor of abolishing the coroner's juries, and said he hoped steps along this lone would be taken by the next legislature. "Coroner's juries were all right in their day," says the State's Attorney, "but they have outlived their usefulness, and I hope the next legislature will abolish them.

Spesutia Island, famous as a ducking ground in the Upper Chesapeake, will not be taken over by the government in its purchase of 30,000 acres of Harford and Baltimore county land for the Aberdeen Proving Ground. This announcement is particularly gratifying to Harford countians and many New Yorkers and Philadelphians, who visit there annually in gunning and fishing season, for it is in the heart of the ducking grounds and the best fishing waters.

A. H. Huber died at his home in Westminster in his 79th year. Mr. Huber was long a prominent figure in the life of Westminster, having held the position of postmaster for a quarter of a century, and having led the Republican party in the county for many years. How varied his interests were is indicated by the large share he had in promoting the Westminster Water Company, by his election for 12 successive years as secretary-treasurer of the Westminster Fertilizer Company and by ownership during 35 years of one of the leading drug stores in that city.

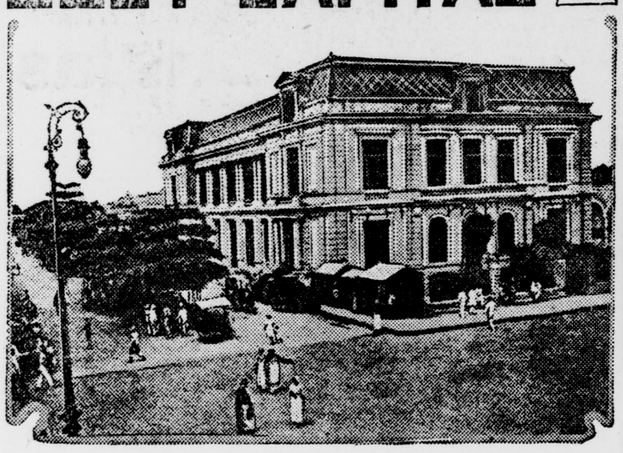
Steps to have Maryland adopt the American Uniform Boiler Law will be taken at the next General Assembly. The legislative committee of the Merchants and Manufacturers' Association will prepare a uniform boiler bill, the association having approved the campaign of the American Uniform Boiler Law Society.

For the first time in the history of Allegany county the old law which permits the imposition of corporal punishment on the wife beater was enforced at Cumberland. With a blacksnake whip, about four feet in length, Sheriff Peter C. McFarland gave Edward Stewart, a white laborer of Cumberland, 20 lashes. The prisoner winced as the blows were delivered, but never murmured. The execution of the sentence was carried out privately and the public knew nothing of it until it was over.

Truman Grover, a farmer of Fremont, Ohio, claimed exemption from draft on occupational grounds, but when the frost killed his cucumbers, tomatoes and melons, he withdrew his claim, saying that he had nothing to do on the farm, so might as well go to war.

In Scotland there has been built a drawbridge in which all the work of opening and closing it and guarding traffic over and through it is done by electricity.

YUCATAN'S BUSY CAPITAL



The Federal Palace, Merida.

SAILING into a foreign port at the break of day appears to be a favorite custom with the average sea captain, and the occasion to which we write was no exception. For several hours our ship's course had been guided by flashes from the friendly lighthouse, and the latter we knew stood on the Yucatan shore at Progreso. The morning broke calm and peacefully over the tropical waters of the gulf, and soon the movement of anchor chains automatically announced that the limit had been reached—the limit of deep water—and five miles away lay Progreso, one of the world's most important shipping centers of henequen or hemp.

Going ashore at Progreso is rather an exciting novelty if not a dangerous experience, writes William A. Reid in the Bulletin of the Pan-American Union. The sea is alive with sharks, and they are darting here and there about the big ship, to the consternation of the stranger. The clear waters [illegible] shore seem to accen- [illegible] youngsters, and [illegible] boat- [illegible] are [illegible] that [illegible] and its product. Here and there [illegible] breaks in the barrenness and we catch sight of swamps with lilies and other water plants, a relief to look upon.

As our train proceeds, with stops at little stations en route, the cars are better filled, and at the same time opportunities are afforded for getting close glimpses of the henequen workers and their fields of maguey plants that lie in view from the car window. Long before sighting Merida the landscape becomes dotted with windmills, and when finally the capital city is reached one can almost imagine himself in old Holland or Barbados, about the only difference being that Yucatan has the modern-style mill. These windmills explain that Merida, like other regions of the country, must pump water from beneath the surface, so few are the lakes and streams.

Driving About Merida.

After being made comfortable in one of Merida's hotels we start out to view the city. There is no lack of vehicles and the stranger is literally swamped with proffers of a "delightful drive." Most of these small carriages, generally drawn by a single pony, have rubber tires, and many are kept conspicuously clean and inviting looking, despite the dust of the suburban sections of the city.

Merida today claims 62,000 people; and among its residents are numerous families of wealth which have acquired riches in connection with the great industry, the growing of the maguey and the production of henequen. Merida, while not as old as the port of Sisal, dates from 1542, when a settlement was founded by Francisco Montejo on the site of the ancient Maya city of Tihoo. Today one of the most interesting buildings to be seen in Merida is the casa Montejo, still well preserved after weathering the sunshine and storms of centuries. Another edifice which every visitor should see is the cathedral which was started in 1561 and not completed for nearly 40 years.

For those fond of seeing relics of bygone ages a visit to the museum will be full of interest, and especially so if some of the ancient Yucatan ruins are to be seen and explored. In the former one may inspect articles and curios that have been collected from the ruins and preserved—really a link connecting the art and trade of past centuries with present peoples.

Merida, commercially, industrially, and socially has greatly improved during recent years. Streets and avenues have been paved with asphalt, electricity has been provided, labor-saving machinery introduced, and otherwise life and conditions have been modernized.

Climatically, Merida is hot, but healthful. During the hours of midday the sun's rays are extremely unpleasant and the stranger is told to [illegible]eep in the shade. Cool breezes from [illegible] surrounding seas, however, often [illegible] the heat of the whole peninsula. [illegible]he months of March and April [illegible]rded as especially trying to [illegible]mer in any part of Yucatan; [illegible]far is the best season for [illegible] country, and during these [illegible] excursion to the famous [illegible] in several different [illegible]ninsula can be made [illegible]ree of comfort. The [illegible] Merida ranges from [illegible] 98 degrees Fahren- [illegible]

[illegible] Merida for the first [illegible]d interested in a native ve- [illegible]wn as the "volan," which [illegible] aptly termed a half brother [illegible]famous calash of Quebec. The [illegible]has two big wheels and is usual- [illegible]rawn by three ponies working [illegible]east; it is provided with easy-rid- [illegible] springs, a thick mattress floor cov- [illegible]ing offers a soft seat on the floor of [illegible]e vehicle, while a top with side cur- [illegible]ains protects the traveler from the [illegible]un's rays. Highways in Yucatan have [illegible]ot greatly improved with the degree of the prosperity of the land, and the volan seems to be a popular method of cross-country transportation. The stranger out of curiosity, if for nothing else, usually goes for a ride in this rather novel means of travel.

Mingling with the business men of Merida provides excellent opportunities for studying the commercial side of affairs; and I found many of these gentlemen willing to talk freely about Yucatan's future outlook. One of the first things which seems to have impressed itself upon the average resident is the improved condition provided for the laboring classes, such as higher wages for work and generally more freedom of action than in former years. Better wages out on the henequen plantation is of course reflected in the business activities of Merida, for the latter is not only the capital of the state but a place in which everything centers. The working day has been reduced to eight hours, and for this time the henequen laborer is paid the equivalent $1.50 to $3; five days the Yucatecan works and two days of the week are reserved for rest and recreation. On the larger plantations schools have been opened at the expense of the landowner, and numerous improved sanitary regulations are in force.

If the stranger tarries in Merida he is likely to have opportunities for seeing something of the home life of the people. Even during a stroll along the best residential streets a glance into open-door patios reveals charming flower gardens and a degree of comfort and refinement not noticeable from outward appearances of the average private home.

Optimism.

To face the changing fortunes of life with equanimity, to brace ourselves against the shocks of fortune, to learn to smile at pretentiousness, to cultivate poise in the face of losses, [illegible] let no scarcity in the non-essentials [illegible]h our inner repose, to adjust our [illegible] of value so that we need not [illegible]hat we do not need—these [illegible] [illegible]orturit[illegible]

[illegible]Methods.

[illegible]dicing Ameri [illegible]o the jungles [illegible] They find ou[illegible]r certain ani [illegible] natives the [illegible]dify this meth [illegible] the fact tha[illegible]h for the ani [illegible]old to Germans, [illegible]ns declare that [illegible]en making huge

[illegible]Holder.

[illegible] pencils almost [illegible] been invented [illegible]of the left [illegible]ht hand

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

Originator of "Their Married Life." Author of "The Journal of a Neglected Wife," "The Woman Alone," Etc.

HELEN IS CONSPICUOUSLY AWKWARD AT A FASHIONABLE ICE-SKATING RINK

(Copyright, 1917, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Mabel Herbert Urner

"Lift your feet—don't slide 'em! And relax," instructed Warren. "You're stiff as a ramrod. Try to sway from your hips."

"Dear me, my ankles ache so! Let me sit down—just for a second."

"You'll never learn to skate if you flunk down every five minutes. Here," as the orchestra struck up, "now try to catch the swing of this. Take even strokes."

Her feet numb with the unaccustomed weight of the skates, Helen struggled around the rink, leaning heavily on Warren's arm.

The roof garden of the Astor-Ritz, converted into an outdoor skating rink, was crowded with devotees of the new craze.

It was a fashion show on ice.

"Warren I can't—I can't go around again!"

With a grunt of disdain he let her sink on one of the benches. Then, free from her incumbering restraint, he swung off to the center, where a few of the more skillful were doing figures.

Warren, who at college had been captain of the hockey team, was an expert skater. With a thrill of pride Helen watched him glide through the most intricate figures with easy grace.

"Ready?" again he swooped down upon her. "No, you're not going to sit there! The only way to learn to skate—is to skate."

"My feet are numb. It's these shoes—they're laced too tight."

"That's all right, you want 'em tight. Bend your knees! Keep your feet under you—don't let 'em slide off to the side."

Trying to remember all these instructions, Helen floundered on.

"You're clumsy enough, but, thank heaven, you're not fat! Look at that tame hippo! Jove, I'd hate to have to steer her around."

A grotesquely stout white-furred figure just ahead was clutching her escort with wabbling insecurity.

"Huh, thought she was a goner that time," Warren chuckled.

"Oh, dear, I don't believe I'll ever learn," wailed Helen.

"Nonsense! Strike out—make some effort! Lift your left foot. That's it! No, don't bend forward. Keep your feet together."

"Then get me an instructor," desperately. "You tell me too many things—it only confuses me."

"All right. I'm not keen for the job," and, piloting her to a seat, Warren left the rink and stamped into the office.

When he came out one of the uniformed instructors was with him.

"Mrs. Curtis hasn't much confidence," by way of introduction. "This is only her second time on the ice."

Then, with the air of having shed a hampering burden, Warren glided off, leaving Helen in the hands of the instructor.

He was a blase youth, with light hair and a blotched complexion. With a bored expression he chewed gum and guided Helen around the rink.

"You ought to have flatfoot skates," it was his first remark. "How'd you come to get rockers?"

"Rockers? Why, Mr. Curtis bought them for me. Aren't they right?"

"Take you twice as long to learn," indifferently.

For the next ten minutes he piloted her along in languid gum-chewing silence, not troubling to direct her awkward efforts.

"Do I lift my feet enough?" determined to force some instructions.

"Oh, that'll come. You can't do much the first lesson."

To Helen the intimate closeness of skating with this blotched-face, gum-chewing youth was most repugnant. When for the second time, with a bored air, he glanced at his watch, she flared out an indignant:

"You needn't finish the lesson. I've had quite enough. Please take me back to the bench. Send Mr. Curtis to me."

With an astonished stare he accepted his dismissal, skated over to Warren, delivered the message and left the rink.

"Well, how'd you get on?" demanded Warren. "Time up?"

"Oh, he was horrid! He didn't even try to help me. But he did say one thing—that I ought to begin on flat skates."

"Flat skates!" with a snort. "Well, you'll learn right or not at all."

"But, dear, anything to make it easier now—while I'm learning."

"Clear the ice for an exhibition!" roared an attendant.

There was a general scurry as a white-costumed couple stepped out.

"Christina and Adolph Hofmann, from the Ice Palace of Stockholm," was the shouted introduction.

With dashing speed they plunged into an exhibition of spectacular skating. It was a picturesque scene, the white figures flying over the ice under the glowing Japanese lanterns and the clear star-pierced sky.

The glass-protected orchestra throbbed an accelerated waltz, as Christina swayed, leaped, cavorted, her fur-edged, pink-lined skirt swirling straight with her dizzy toe spins. As a triumphant finale, Hofmann held her aloft, while he executed a daring figure, ending in a mad whirl.

The exhibition over, the applauding audience swarmed back on the ice.

"Oh, not after that," protested Helen.

Warren dragged her out and put her through another ten minutes of persistent, rigorous coaching.

By this time she was chilled through, with reddened nose and wind-blown hair. Warren, relentless, would not let her stop for repairs.

"Never mind your hair—this's no beauty contest. You're learning to skate."

"But my ankles are giving out—I can't—"

"Way to strengthen them. Come on, now—take longer strokes."

"Hello, Curtis! What're you doing here?" a tall, shaggy-coated man bore down upon them. "Didn't think you'd fall for this skating craze."

"Jack Wheeler!" beamed Warren. "Well, it's made a lot of the old-timers get their skates out of camphor. How're you making out?"

"Little stiff in the joints. Nearly broke my neck out there on an inside back three."

"That always was a nasty turn. Have you met Mrs. Curtis?"

"Dear, I've had enough," conscious of her reddened dishevelment. "You skate with Mr. Wheeler—I'll go in."

"Oh, no, you're not through yet. Got to get our four bucks' worth. You rest here while I take a turn with Wheeler."

As they spun off, Helen glanced longingly toward the exit. If only she could get into the dressing room to fix her loosened hair. She would have to go half way around the rink on the ice. Dared she risk it? Gingerly she rose, dug her skates into the ice, and, holding to the railing, minced toward the steps.

Just then two women, skating together, lost their balance and lurched heavily against her. They did not go down, but Helen, knocked from her insecure footing, fell sprawling.

The next second a man was lifting her to her feet, while others gathered up her vanity bag and its frivolous contents, scattered over the ice.

Helen had just regained her footing, her hat awry, her face crimson with mortification, when Warren dashed up.

"What the Sam Hill are you trying to do?"

"Oh, don't—don't talk! Just get me in!"

With perfunctory thanks to the gentleman who was still holding her, Warren helped her to the exit and half lifted her up the steps. From there, without a word, Helen hobbled into the ladies' dressing room.

"Take these skates off—quick!" to the maid, as she dropped into a chair.

Deftly the maid unlaced the skating boots, loosened the clinging silk stockings from under the toes, and buttoned on Helen's trim shoes.

"Haven't got your skates off?" Warren appeared at the door. "Why, it's only ten. We've a whole hour before they close up."

"Do you think I'd go out there again?" flauntingly.

"Why not. Can't learn to skate without a few tumbles. Be a sport! Come on—take another crack at it."

But Helen's self-consciousness was too acute. After her humiliating fall not even Warren's insistence could lure her back on the ice.

A light buffet supper was included in the two dollars admission to the roof, and now, with a disgruntled growl, Warren, still on his skates, led the way to the glass-inclosed restaurant.

The head waiter seated them at a table facing the rink, and only a few feet from the skaters as they whizzed by.

"Who's that girl Wheeler's with?" Warren leaned forward. "By jingo, she can skate. Didn't pick up that bracket turn in any three lessons."

With brooding envy and a distinct feeling of being "out of it," Helen watched the graceful figure in the mole-trimmed suit.

"Oh, I could never do that!" wistfully.

"You could if you thought more about the way you set your feet and less about the powder on your nose. It's your infernal conceit—you think everybody's watching you. Next time we go skating it'll be on a country pond, and you'll not doll up. You'll wear a good thick sweater and earmuffs—and I'll put you through some stunts."

"Anything to drink, sir?"

"Yes, a Bronx—and bring it quick." Then, as the waiter hurried off: "Need something bracing after carting you around. Talk about dead weights—you were about as supple as a mooly cow!"

Galerie des Assiettes.

One of the important apartments at the palace of Fontainebleau, in France, is called the Galerie des Assiettes, for the reason that its decoration consists of vertical rows of plates, set in the paneling of the walls. These plates are very valuable, are made of porcelain, and upon them are painted scenes and views of many royal residences. The plates were placed there by the order of Louis Philippe.

Bread-Making Superstitions.

Regarding bread making, there are several superstitions. In Yorkshire, England, nearly all the housewives still bake their own bread. After kneading the dough and leaving it to rise, a deep cross is cut in it with a knife. This is to "let the witch out," and the custom is common to this day. In Scotland they say that the yeast must be made within an hour of sunrise, or the bread will not be light.

Uncle Pennywise Says:

Every now and then tell your wife you are jealous. It is an inexpensive little stunt, and will take her mind off many troubles.—Kansas City Journal.

[illegible]son Behind Each New Style

New York.—Everything that was invented in clothes this year had a reason. Skirts are narrow because the French government limited the use of cloth to five meters. They are minus fasteners because these accessories were difficult to get and war-time activities demanded a speedy method of

Leopard meets muskrat in this coat made by Callot. It serves for the street and the motor. The cap is arranged to match, with its leopard skin crown and its upturned muskrat brim.

dressing, so frocks were made to go over the head and tie around the body in a primitive fashion.

Certain dyes were exploited because there were no others to be had. Fringed fabrics were introduced because applied ornamentation was costly and the supply was vastly decreased from that of former days.

Immense top coats with inter-linings were made by the dozens because the French women were compelled to walk through a lack of taxicabs, and the American women were supposed to have started on a system of economy which would compel them to walk instead of paying money for taxis.

Voluminous peltry was applied to all costumes because of the intense cold on both continents last winter and because of the scarcity of coal in Paris last January and the promise of it in this country for this winter.

The Paris designers have given all kinds of anecdotal reasons for their gowns, and some of the American dressmakers who are not given to either narrative or reasons for their clothes, are repeating the French talk in an interesting way.

Most Dominant Fashion.

The most dominant fashion produced this winter is the garment that slips on over the head and has pieces of the material to tie it into place. This is quite as primitive as in days when Melisande lived, loved and died.

A year ago, the reporters who study clothes intently and with an inside knowledge of scarcity of certain materials, prophesied that the near future would bring about women's clothes that were fashioned to be adjusted without fasteners. France sent up some trial balloons in gowns that were cut in two pieces and tied around the hips by a sash that was a bit of the material of the front width and evidently these trial balloons proved that the air was safe for the sending out of dozens of such frocks.

The Americans have accepted them in high glee. It is a novelty that tickles the mind of the novelty-hunting American women. When you see a group of fashionably dressed women eagerly talking and gesticulating, pulling out pieces of a frock here and there and turning themselves around as on a pivot, you will realize that they are each explaining to the other how the frock is adjusted without a hook and eye, without a button and without a loop.

The new coat suits have caught the fever, and some of the best are adjusted with merely a loop of military braid run through a buttonhole and tied back on itself.

The smartest afternoon gowns have large buttonholes from neck to waist, through which are run pieces of braid or picot-edged ribbon tying the two fronts together.

No woman who likes puzzles and who is fond of trying out novel schemes, can fail to be interested in this game. She can wear a new gown with a new kind of fastening and crow over her neighbors as though she had taken in the largest subscription for the Liberty loan. It may develop into a pastime, if the interest and excitement in this kind of clothing keep up.

At the moment of writing, our government has not put an embargo on the amount of material to be used in each gown. Germany and France have both done this, and those who are in Paris say that the French dressmakers have taken the keenest delight in following the decree. A quantity of material in a gown has never appealed to a French designer, and with the government behind the elimination of fabrics, each of the gowns turned out this year shows originality of conception and treatment in achieving an artistic result with a very few meters of cloth.

The French Silhouette.

A few of the American clothes which were designed before the French silhouette was thoroughly accepted, have taken their place a little behind the front row of fashions because they look bunglesome. Here is the French silhouette as the best-dressed Americans have adopted it: A slim underskirt made in one piece that runs from the collarbone nearly to the ankle in a street frock, and from bust to within six inches of the ankle in an evening gown. It is merely the skeleton of the gown, but on it are draped the few remaining yards of fabric that are allowed to complete the work.

Therefore, it is quite fashionable to use transparent material for the afternoon and evening, in order to slow the slim little slip beneath. It is not necessary that the transparent fabric used over this slip should be cut off to correspond. It may rise to the shoulders and drop to the instep, and in that very alluring transparency, you get the East Indian effect.

The statement may be taken as authoritative that whatever gown has

This durable coat for winter nights is of olive green velvet, with collar, cuffs and hem of Russian fitch. It is made on long, loose lines, like a cape, with the front held into the figure by a band that passes around the back.

a gathered drop skirt is out of the fashion. You may gather the top material, but the lining must be slim and cut closely to the lines of the figure, although it is not drawn in at the waist.

Black Satin Bows.

A French model in black satin shows jaunty little bows of this material at the turned-back cuffs that terminate the elbow-length sleeves.

We are most of us very lonely in this world; you who have any who love you, cling to them and thank God. —Thackeray.

The Chiffon Velvet Wrap.

Fur as a generous trimming for collars and cuffs will retain its popularity. Black fox and lynx will be used largely in very wide patterns. Many women whose inclinations toward fashions have no financial limitations will lean to chinchilla and sable collars.

A design which has unlimited possibilities is of the chiffon velvet type in bright colors with black fox fur lining the inside of the big collar, so that when the garment is worn properly the collar is turned up and just a narrow band of the fur shows at the top.

The Seven-Inch Boots.

Seven inches is the prescribed height for women's boots this fall. No boot may be taller without flying in the face of government regulations. In order to conserve raw material used in footwear, Uncle Sam has ordered women's boots to be lower than fashion has decreed through the past few seasons. Seven inches, insists Uncle Sam, is a proper and attractive height for a boot, and the extravagant use of material in 16 and 18 buttoned footwear must be discontinued. The new walking boot has 14 buttons, and there are models coming out with only 12 or even ten buttons. The laced boot will have to go—as far as walking and dancing footwear is concerned, for a low-topped laced boot is a rather dumpy and ungraceful affair—especially when ankles are not extremely slender. The seven-inch height, be it added, is not from the ground up; but from the point where the heel is fastened to the sole to the top of the cloth of leather "upper."

Dance Frocks Are Lovely.

When a dance gown is not black, it is apt to be very delicate in hue. Faint rose, pale blue, orchid, lime green, daffodil, cyclamen—these are all lovely evening shades, and when worn with metal threads in sumptuous brocades the colors are beautiful.

Bustles for the Slender Only.

The new bustle silhouette has been welcomed as a change from the straight line garment; but it can be worn only by a slender woman.

POULTRY FACTS

DUCKS FOR GENERAL FARMER

Where One Is More Interested in Obtaining Eggs Than Market Fowls, Runner Is Best.

For the general farmer who is more interested in obtaining eggs than in producing green ducks for the market, the Runner is a good breed. This duck holds the same relative position in the duck family that the Leghorn does in the chicken family. It lays

Fine Flock of Youngsters.

a good-sized white egg, considerably larger than a hen's egg, and is declared to be a small eater, a good forager, and hardy.

The fattening ration, which should be used for two weeks before killing, consists of three parts, by weight, of cornmeal, two parts of low-grade flour or middlings, one part of bran, half part of beef scrap, 10 per cent green feed, and 3 per cent grit. This mash is fed three times daily. The green feed is sometimes left out of the ration during the last week of fattening, as it tends to color the meat, but it is easier to keep the ducklings in good feeding condition if it is included. Boiled fish is sometimes used in place of the beef scrap, but this should be discontinued two weeks before the ducklings are killed, in order not to impart a fishy odor to the bird when served.

RIGHT DUST BATH MATERIAL

Road Dust Has No Particular Advantage Over Any Dry Earth—Light Sand Is Favored.

The supplying of material for dust bath during the winter months must not be overlooked. While road dust is all right if gathered where there is but little filth, it has no advantage over any dry earth for this purpose. There is probably nothing better than light sand, which if gathered when thoroughly dry or dried by the fire, can be stored under cover and can be handled any time during the winter, when a fresh supply is needed. If a dust bath can be placed where the sun will shine into it the hens will make all the more use of it.

NO REMEDY FOR BLACKHEAD

Free Range and Care Not to Overfeed Are Important Factors in Raising Turkeys.

Of the infectious diseases of turkeys, blackhead is the most destructive. It is notable that whenever the climate and range conditions are such as to permit of the turkeys foraging for most of their feed from the time they are hatched until they are marketed, cases of blackhead are infrequent. No positive cure for blackhead has been found, but free range and care not to overfeed are very important factors in raising turkeys successfully.

GRIT SUPPLY IS NECESSARY

Especially Important in Winter When Fowls Have Little Opportunity for Forage.

A good supply of grit is necessary, especially in the winter when the birds have little opportunity for outside foraging. The grit is the fowl's teeth and plenty of it is necessary to insure a strong, vigorous condition.

WINTER FEEDING FOR EGGS

Poor Practice to Stuff Fowls Full at Their Morning Meal—Get Out of Condition.

If you want eggs during the winter, don't stuff the birds full at their morning meal. When the hens fill up first thing in the morning and then go back to loaf on the roosts, you'll get fat fowls, but you won't get many eggs. In a short time they will be out of condition "if you don't watch out."

Supply of Clean Grit.

Ordinary fowls on a farm will be able to pick up sufficient grit, but when they are not able to get outside it is well to supply some sharp, clean grit.

Supply of Oyster Shells.

As the pullets approach the laying point a plentiful supply of oyster shells must be kept before them.

Care in Packing Eggs.

It pays to use care in packing eggs for market. Broken eggs from bad packing is a preventable waste.

Little Problems of Married Life

By WILLIAM GEORGE JORDAN

(Copyright)

THE TYRANNY OF TOO TIGHT A REIGN.

Tyranny in a nation can transform the freest people that ever breathed into hopeless slaves, numbly submissive and spiritless, or scheming rebels with a smile on their lips but hate in their hearts as they dream their golden dreams of secret revolt and a bold break for liberty. There is a brand of possism in married life, of petty tyranny in the home that duplicates in miniature this dilemma of results. It saps the ambition, courage and vitality of husbands and wives, and transforms them into dull, crushed, colorless beings, or if they do not submit thus meekly it trains them persistently in smiling hyprocrisy, trickery, deceit, lying and plotting to cheat the tyranny they do not dare openly to resent.

Have you ever met the husband, of the timid, suppressed type, who always answers his wife's call with "yes, my dear," "no, my dear," or "just in a moment, my dear." It is never the sweet "dear" that drops gently into a sentence like a caress. His "my dear" with its monotonous iteration of a phonograph record seems a continuous phrase of placating. It is not affection, it is just fear; it seems a pleading deprecatory gesture of the voice as if trying to dodge a rebuke or a lecture as one involuntarily wards off an attack with the upraised arm. You somehow feel that you should take him into a cozy corner and soothe him, and tell him not to be afraid, that you will protect him.

When you are alone with him he may talk easily, cleverly and well; the stream of his conversation runs smooth and free like a mountain brook but it suddenly trickles into irrelevant commonplaces when his wife enters the room, the whole atmosphere seems changed, and you vaguely wonder who shut off the water supply. You do not like the surreptitious way he covers his lighted cigar with his hat; it seems too much like a child caught with its hand in the sugar bowl. He can never tell you definitely whether he can go out tomorrow night; he will let you know later and you feel that he has already begun to plan how he can secure his wife's countersign to his pass. Even when he is doing what is absolutely right and harmless he becomes wonderously fertile in lying excuses, those conversational capsules to sweeten the breath of suspicion. His ill-concealed joy when his wife has to go out of town for a day or two is not a mere confession; it is a condensed biography.

Sometimes it is the husband, in domineering assertion of authority, who plays the poor, petty role of domestic tyrant. He dictates, he demands, he threatens, he forbids, he issues his orders as ultimatums in a manner that would be unwarranted even were he a pirate captain haranguing his crew. He forgets that marriage means partnership not proprietorship, freedom of both in the best interests of both, not slavery of either. His assaults on her rights when he crosses the dead line of intolerance and despotically demands obedience may not be received as submissively, as uncomplainingly and as finally, as he in his blind conceit believes.

He may secure an outward semblance of submission but actually contemptuous rebellion. Brought to bay, her bitter protest of opposition may make her dangerously ingenious in outwitting him. When in a moment of pique at some act of her family he dares to order her never to see them or write them or hear from them, she feels the cruel injustice of this cutting of the ties of love and tenderness she may resort to subterfuge, intrigue, evasion and systematic deception and defy him behind his back while she seems sweetly and serenely resigned in his presence. She may drift unknowingly into a course of action normally repugnant as she surrenders to a tide of conditions of constant despotic injustice. Tyranny needs a hundred watch dogs—trustful love, none.

When she finds a quarantine ordered against some of her dearest and best friends coming to the house, her self-respect blushes at the plausible lies she writes or speaks to prevent their knowing the real reason. When she fears to tell him of some misdeed of one of the children because of the cruel punishment his anger may prescribe, he is slamming the door on her confidence and giving a bonus of new license to the little rebel in the nursery. When she gives false statistics as to the price of some simple article she has bought, just to avoid a "scene," he is giving her unwise post-graduate courses in duplicity which may later prove costly. He is worse than wrong—he is foolish.

He is paying a big price for his tyranny when the song dies away on her lips as she hears his key click in the lock in the evening and she draws a long breath of relief when he leaves home in the morning. Then she may remember with a sigh and a little dimming of the eyes the sweet early days of their married life when, not satisfied with the mere good morning kiss she used to stand on the porch and follow him with her eyes and semaphore love with her fluttering little wisp of a handkerchief as he looked back in the sunshine at the bend of the road that soon shut him from her sight. And she had struggled so long and faithfully to hold back the ebbing tide of her love for him and love had gone and carried respect with it, and she, grown hard, and bitter and rebellious, had lost the best of life and so had he.

Sometimes a wife may unwisely seek to keep the love, loyalty and constancy of her husband by holding him with a tight rein, by restrictions and limitations that fretted and chafed, by petty exactions and tyrannies to keep him close by her side. Have you ever held a butterfly in the prison of your palm, with the slightly-parted, arched fingers as bars, and, fearing it might escape, press inadvertently a little too tight and then be suddenly conscious that the fluttering whirr had ceased and, opening the bars and peering in, find that the beautiful wings were stilled forever and that the butterfly was dead?

There are men and women who thus kill love carelessly; they may have a great love secure, right in their hands, but there is a pressure of doubt, tyranny, distrust or compulsion and the life of that love may die. Love grows strong with freedom, confidence and trust. Love that needs constant watching is not worth watching, and no guarding through fear of its honor will ever keep it from straying. Its strength must be in itself and in the inspiration that comes from realization, recognition and response.

There are homes that are over-governed. They have as many laws, rules and regulations as an institution. They remind you of these closely printed charts for conduct tacked on the inner side of doors in hotel rooms. In these homes you move about gingerly for fear of stepping inadvertently on a "don't." No individual is big enough, nor wise enough, nor great enough to dare to live the life of another, not with him, but for him. If he were all these his reverence for the individual rights of others would make it impossible for him to usurp their sacred privilege of freedom in living their own lives, fully, freely, frankly, at their best.

This domestic tyranny rules in thousands of homes. It means the wrong of two—the one who inflicts it and the one who bears it. We hear much of the grace of patience and the beauty of long suffering. They are virtues when it means self-sacrifice for the right, vices when for the wrong. Tolerating injustice meekly without protest and a mighty effort to overthrow it when no good cause is served, no noble purpose promoted is not moral bravery, it is sheer cowardice. It is the fear of an unpleasant half-hour that may save years of suffering. The one who bears meekly is doing injustice to herself or to himself and—to the other. It means weakening and wronging self and feeding the evil in another's nature by inaction.

The wife may say "he would flare up in an awful temper if I said a word." Let him flare, but let him understand that you will not be a party to it. These home bosses are always bullies and bullies are always cowards. They do not stand out long against a bold defiance that shows no fear. At the first manifestation of this variety of performance, let husband or wife state positively that no encores will be permitted. At a quiet, dignified session, with no shade of anger but just a calm, cool ultimatum that while the innocent one is willing to do the square thing in every relation, and to meet bravely whatever the tides of fate may bring and to suffer for the other, but never from the other.

Like most evils it is easy to meet in the beginning and it is then it should be met in the right spirit for the good of both. A single bold stand for the right is worth years of cowardly patience for the wrong.

The greatest trials and sorrows are those that do not come from ourside the home, but are absolutely created within, that are manufactured for one by the temper or wrong of the other. They are absolutely preventable and there should be a kindly helpful spirit on the part of both to remove any wrong that separates them rather than to intensify the reign of the wrong by weak and meekly bearing. It is not selfishness, but the reckless assertion of individuality, but the consecrated wisdom that seeks to cure what it cannot endure and to endure what it cannot cure.

Love and sweet conference smooths out so many of these problems. Let there be but one boss and that one—the two. Let them unite in loving comradeship and fine co-operation, each doing the best without thought of competition or conquest and then even the wish of one become the will of both, in union and unity, with no tyranny but that of love, love of right, love of peace, love of justice and love of each other.

Women Best Prevaricators.

"Women are better liars than men but God bless them just the same," said Police Magistrate J. M. Fitzgerald of the Omaha police court.

"Women come into court and lie right along, under oath. Their lies do not show on their faces, either, but I can tell they are lying because their stories contradict those of reliable witnesses.

"When men lie they hesitate, turn red, swallow, etc. One can tell they're lying just by watching their faces and necks.

"But you can't tell it on a woman. They lie outrageously and stick to their stories in the face of everything. They know just the right time to deviate from the truth, too. Their lies always count in the outcome of their trials—if they are believed. Men haven't the same knack at the art that women police court characters have."

The Magical Chance.

The giants of old, the frontiers and clipperships of old, are gone. Still what is this news of fleets of wooden ships abuilding, with sails of canvas to speed them? They went out with the ebb tide, and here already they come back with the flood! Lay aside the rifle and you pick up the camera—to creep with it into the lion's den; or to climb with it into the top of a towering oak, on some sheer mountain wall; and, pushing it before you along a horizontal limb, feet dangling in space, a stiff wind blowing, eagles screaming overhead, canyon wall below you, and far, far down the narrow canyon bottom you hold on, body balancing camera, but nothing over against the swaying brain, and grind out a hundred feet of movie film. This is to shoot a good many lions.—Dallas Lore Sharp, in Atlantic Magazine.

Cliff Dwellers Still Exist.

Although the earliest cliff dwellers were prehistoric, cave dwellers have existed in almost every age of the world. The ancient Horites derived their name from their practice of living in caverns and subteranean abodes. An Arab tribe in Palestine still occupies the mountainous caves, and a tribe of cliff dwellers has been recently found in Mexico.

"What Shall I Give My Friends?"

A CHRISTMAS gift that can't be used and enjoyed is a disappointment. The average man or woman would rather receive a post card with a cheerful "Merrie Christmas" on it than a gift that is just perfunctory. The war has made us all alert this year for the cheer and welfare of our

boys on the sea and in the army. So why not knit the young patriots gray wool sweaters and those excellent long-wristed mittens, with finger tips missing not to impede their work at the riggings and behind the guns? Uncle Sam does not furnish the boys with these two winter luxuries.

Illustrated is a desk set for father, hubby or sweetheart. If you are clever you can saw it out of thin pine and enamel it beautifully, filling it with good paper, pens and stamps. Or you can make the frame of stiff cardboard and cover it with any attractive paper that matches his den or library.

Handmade lingerie is always a test of affection. So make sister an undervest made of crepe de chine. One yard and a quarter of a good quality of

crepe, the same quantity of beading and a little more narrow ribbon are required. Cut the vest straight, hem on the bottom, put the beading across the top and run the ribbon through it.

Six sachets filled with the favorite scent of the recipient and made, say, in heart shape edged with narrow lace, would be attractive, and they are always useful. Little lavender silk bags filled with dried lavender flowers would be appreciated by anyone with a linen closet.

Christmas Carol.

It came upon a midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth,
To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on earth, good will to men
From Heaven's al-gracious King"—
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil on the climbing way
With painful steps and slow,
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing;
Oh, rest beside the weary road
And hear the angels sing!

—Edmund Hamilton ...

Christmas Gifts That Are Sure to Please

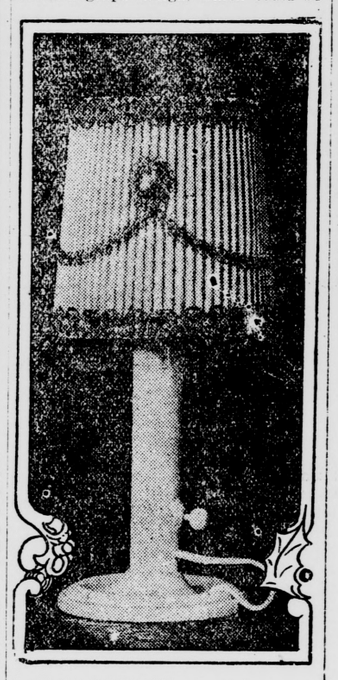
CHRISTMAS comes on apace, and the usual question confronts every woman, "What shall I give my friends this year?" If the outlay cannot be very much then it is a good idea to make some useful article to serve.

Purchase enough white georgette crepe to make a collar and cuff set. Perhaps the collar can follow the outline of a coat difficult to fit with a ready-made collar of white, or a dainty shape may be designed for use with a

fancy waist. The point is to keep the edges straight rather than rounding, for we will have the border machine hemstitched, or the edge can be stitched or hemstitched with fine white silk and finished with tiny embroidered dots of white silk or French knots of a faintly contrasting color.

Or make sister a fetching breakfast jacket of georgette crepe, voile or dimity. Close it on the left side, hand embroider the front and gird it with her favorite shade of satin ribbon.

Candle shade patterns may be stamped in a grape design, which could be



effectively carried out in cut work, and another design is of an iris pattern.

The shade pictured is more conventional, being intended for an electric candle. Fluted paper is neatly pasted together the desired size and decorated with gold or silver gimp.

Toddlers and babies always need new dresses. Try the pattern illustrated in either chambray or linen and

smock the front in any harmonizing color or a contrast.

A dozen or so of homemade crullers wrapped separately in oiled paper and packed in a dainty basket such as can be purchased for from 10 to 25 cents should be an acceptable gift for some man friend who lives in a hotel. For a bachelor friend a gift of similar nature is a homemade cake done up in white paper and placed in a holly trimmed box. Most men have a secret sweet tooth, and Christmas seems to be the time to have it filled.

Men as a rule do not like to receive wearing apparel as gifts, especially socks, but embroider a man's monogram on the said socks and you will find him delighted.

Times Have Changed.

What's become of the old-fashioned girl who was satisfied if her sweetheart sent her a book or a box of note paper for Christmas? Answer: She now has a daughter who is looking for diamond earrings from a young chap who isn't making more than $18 a week.

The Tree of Life.

The real Christmas tree is the tree of life; its branches spread over all lands, and its ... are for the heal... R. W...

Cold Freezes Cause Sneezes

and warn you that you are taking cold. Don't let it settle in your head or throat. Drive it out with Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Clears head and throat and relieves coughs and hoarseness. All druggists, 25cts. a bottle.

When it aches again—try Pike's Toothache Drops

ATTENTION, I Can Relieve You of your sweaty and sore feet; guaranteed; box 25c. Agents wanted. Distributor, 2820 Calumet, Chicago

Cleveland claims 1,098,000 population, based on city directory estimate.

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, that famous old remedy for infants and children, and see that it

Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*

In Use for Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

When man was given dominion over the beasts it implied self-control.

FIERY RED PIMPLES

That Itch and Burn Are Usually Eczematous—Cuticura Quickly Heals.

It needs but a single hot bath with Cuticura Soap followed by a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment to the most distressing, disfiguring eczemas, itchings and burnings to prove their wonderful properties. They are also ideal for every-day toilet use.

Free sample each by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. L, Boston. Sold everywhere.—Adv.

A woman always acts surprised when a man proposes to her.

To Drive Out Malaria And Build Up The System

Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS chill TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 60 cents.

There are some sins which we can forgive—they are our own.

BOSCHEE'S GERMAN SYRUP

Why use ordinary cough remedies, when Boschee's German Syrup has been used so successfully for fifty-one years in all parts of the United States for coughs, bronchitis, colds settled in the throat, especially lung troubles. It gives the patient a good night's rest, free from coughing, with easy expectoration in the morning, gives nature a chance to soothe the inflamed parts, throw off the disease, helping the patient to regain his health. Sold in all civilized countries. 80 and 90 cent bottles.—Adv.

New York has a horsemeat market.

As It Used to Be.

"When we drank from the same canteen," roared the old veteran.

"Grandpa," interposed his granddaughter, "the sentiments of that song are praiseworthy, but I fear they may tend to counteract certain health rules I have been trying to teach little Waldo. Don't you know any songs about sanitary drinking cups?"

Good health depends upon good digestion. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills safeguard your digestion and your health. Tonic as well as purgative. Adv.

An American Bridge.

A representative of an American company recently arrived in Colombia to inspect the site for a bridge over the river Coello at Chicoral, Department of Tolima, which is to be erected in connection with Tolima railroad, now under construction.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County—ss.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE.

FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. Gleason, Notary Public.

HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is taken internally and acts through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces of the System. Druggists, 75c. Testimonials free.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio.

The Alternative.

Prisoner—What are my chances?

Lawyer—If I can't hang the jury, you will.

Costs Less and Kills That Cold

HILL'S CASCARA BROMIDE QUININE

The standard cold cure for 20 years—is tablet form—safe, sure, no opiates—cures cold in 24 hours—grip in 3 days. Money back if it fails. Get the genuine box with Red top and Mr. Hill's picture on it. Costs less, gives more, saves money. 24 Tablets for 25c.

At Any Drug Store

FLORIDA FARM FACTS

Manasota, Manatee County; below frost line; 365 growing days annually. Water, Light and Ice Plant now in operation.

Excellent railroad facilities.

MANASOTA LAND AND TIMBER COMPANY. BALTIMORE, MD. SARASOTA, FLA.

Land unencumbered—no mortgages.

$100 INVESTED in rich Alaska gold mine should make $5,000; early, large dividends. Bank references. Address George Anderson, Owner, 507 4th Ave., Anchorage, Alaska

LADIES' CYCLOPEDIA, OF HEALTH AND BEAUTY. It's free, postpaid. Send for it today. RELIABLE AGENCY, 226 East 62nd St., New York

For Sale-Dandy little ranch, Western Colorado. A money-maker; partly equipped; fine climate; Gov't water. Every advantage. Owner leaving country. Selling at big sacrifice. A. Dedrmon, Route 3, Montrose, Colo.

Belgian Hares Utility stock. Prize winners. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for prices. ROBERT O. BAKER, Long Branch, N. J.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 48--1917.

THE NEW METHOD

(By L. W. Bower, M. D.)

Backache of any kind is often caused by kidney disorder, which means that the kidneys are not working properly. Poisonous matter and uric acid accumulate within the body in great abundance, overworking the sick kidneys; hence the congestion of blood causes backache in the same manner as a similar congestion in the head causes headache. You become nervous, despondent, sick, feverish, irritable, have spots appearing before the eyes, bags under the lids, and lack ambition to do things.

The latest and most effective means of overcoming this trouble, is to eat sparingly of meat, drink plenty of water between meals and take a single An-u-ric tablet before each meal for a while.

Simply ask your favorite druggist for Anuric, double strength. If you have lumbago, rheumatism, gout, dropsy, begin immediately with this newest discovery of Dr. Pierce, who is Chief Medical Director of Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute in Buffalo, N. Y. Send 10c for trial pkg. Large package 60 cents.

A PROMINENT RICHMOND WOMAN

Richmond, Va.—"Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was recommended to me by my mother-in-law, who had great faith in its efficiency, and after using it I was an equal advocate of it. I have given birth to eight children, and as a precaution to guard ma... and the... comp... to...

DR. TUTT'S LIVE...

What C...

It means a miserable ... ailments such as head... various kinds, piles an... against nature, and r... ...stipated. DR. T... ...cessfully all over ... ...ave your liver ... ...le at all dru...

Dr. Tu...

Backache of W...

How this Woman Suffered and Was Relieved.

Fort Fairfield, Maine.—"For many months I suffered from backache caused by female troubles so I was unable to do my house work. I took treatments for it but received no help whatever. Then some of my friends asked why I did not try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I did so and my backache soon disappeared and I felt like a different woman, and now have a healthy little baby girl and do all my house work. I will always praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to women who suffer as I did."—Mrs. Alton D. Oakes, Fort Fairfield, Maine.

The Best Remedy is

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND

Thousands of women have proved this

Why don't *you* try it?

LYDIA E. PINKHAM MEDICINE CO. LYNN, MASS.

A Kind Heart.

"Did your wife do anything for her cold?"

"Yes, she gave it to me."

WOMEN SUFFERERS MAY NEED SWAMP-ROOT

Thousands upon thousands of women have kidney and bladder trouble and never suspect it.

Women's complaints often prove to be nothing else but kidney trouble, or the result of kidney or bladder disease.

If the kidneys are not in a healthy condition, they may cause the other organs to become diseased.

Pain in the back, headache, loss of ambition, nervousness, are often times symptoms of kidney trouble.

Don't delay starting treatment. Dr. Kilmers' Swamp-Root, a physician's prescription, obtained at any drug store, may be just the remedy needed to overcome such conditions.

Get a medium or large size bottle immediately from any drug store.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

If you can't afford the best, the... get the best that you can...

Youngstown, O., has 2,000 women working in steel mills.

REMARKABLE LETTER FROM A WELL KNOWN WASHINGTON DRUGGIST.

In reference to **Elixir Babek** the *great remedy* for *chills and fever* and all *malarial diseases*. "Within the last five months I have sold 3,600 bottles of **Elixir Babek** for Malaria, Chills and Fever. Our customers speak very well of it." Henry Evans, 922 F St., N. W., Washington. **Elixir Babek** 50 cents, all druggists. Parcel Post, prepaid, from Klocze... Washington, D. C.

The Large Bottle

Ridicule sol... death is dese...

When Your E...

TOWNSEND

Mrs. Clara Knotts is spending some-time with friends at Montchanin.

Mrs. Sallie Denney is the guest of relatives in Philadelphia and Wilmington.

Mrs. George M. D. Hart is visiting her son, Harry Hart and family, in Philadelphia.

Mrs. Richard Hodgson spent the past week with Mrs. Emma Hughes at Betterton, Md.

Miss Dollie Hammond has accepted a position in the Union National Bank, Wilmington.

Henry Webb and wife, of Blackbird, were entertained Sunday by Dr. J. D. Niles and family.

Mr. John Lattomus, who is in a private hospital, Philadelphia, for medical treatment is doing nicely.

Miss Helen Reynolds, of Wilmington, spent the week-end with her parents, Edward Reynolds and family.

Mrs. Anna Richardson and Mrs. Ruth Harris and daughter, Barbara, are visiting relatives in Wilmington.

Frank Hutchinson, Miss Selena Sterlith and Miss Ruth Hutchison, of Wilmington, spent Sunday at D. P. Hutchison's.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordee, of Clayton, and Mrs. Rachel Warren, of Wilmington, spent Sunday with W. A. Scott and family.

John Geary, Jr., returned to his home in Atlantic City, after spending a month with his aunt, Mrs. Walter S. Money.

Walter S. Money, Jr., and wife spent Saturday and Sunday with her parents, Perry C. Othoson and family, in Sassafras, Md.

Mrs. John Townsend, Sr., is spending about [illegible] in Philadelphia with her sister [illegible] of the straits, Othoson, of Middle[illegible] this shore section.

[illegible] Mrs. William Brown, [illegible]on, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Stanley McCubbin.

Mr. Jesse Vinyard and Miss Edna Fenton, of Wilmington, were recent guests of his parents Mr. and Mrs. William Vinyard.

Mr. Frank Bernard, Jr, of Kennett Square, Pa., was a week-end guest at the home of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Merritt.

Mrs. S. H. Buckworth, of near Middletown, spent several days last week with her parents Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Duryea, near town.

The festival held by the ladies of the church last Thursday and Friday evenings was quite a success, about fifty dollars being realized.

Messrs. Rodney Price and William Gilpin, of New Castle, spent Sunday with the former's parents Mr. and Mrs. John Price, near town.

Mrs. William Williamson, Misses Sadie Royes, Mabel Bowman, and the Misses Unselts, all of Philadelphia, were week-end guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Stearns.

To Revive Milton Times

An effort is being made to organize a stock company to resume the publication of the Milton Times which ceased to exist several months ago. According to reports Ira Vaughan, of Philadelphia, who conducts a job office in that city, is to move to Milton and get together some capitalists to operate the plant. Stock is being sold at the present time, a canvass having been made of the business men a few days ago.

LEARNING TO FORGET BEAUTY

Difficult Lesson for Woman, Asserts English Writer, in Describing the Aged Queen Alexandra.

"There is no more difficult lesson for a woman to learn than that of learning how to forget that she has been beautiful," writes a clever English woman.

"One afternoon I saw Queen Alexandra driving slowly in her open motor through the gates at Hyde Park corner. For the first time it occurred to me that this rarely lovely queen is now an old woman nearing four-score years of age. Perhaps she had forgotten to be alert, as is her usual custom, or perhaps the heat of the day had fatigued her. But at any rate there was a touch of tragedy in the thought that Queen Alexandra is learning slowly, but surely, that extreme beauty can fade although the charm of personality can challenge the attack of time.

"I fancy it must have been the queen mother's costume that brought this idea most surely before me. She was wearing a mantle or cloak made of some material in shade of iridescent blue spangles with a close frilling of black lace all round the edge. Her hat or bonnet was of the usual royal shape and built of jetted stuff to match her cloak, with a small white aigrette standing erect in front.

"Under ordinary circumstances one would regard this quaint nineteenth century toilet of the queen mother's as a characteristic conventionality, but somehow on this sunny afternoon it represented to me a sacrifice to the inevitable."

WHY COAT WAS UNBUTTONED

Private, Unable to Speak English, Gives Explanation After His Second Reprimand.

A private of foreign extraction recently appeared at reveille with his overcoat unbuttoned, contrary to regulations, relates a cantonment correspondent. The colonel, who happened to be on the scene, noticed this discrepancy; he called the man out of the ranks, took him to his office and delivered a stern lecture on the necessity of military exactitude. During [illegible]admonition the private maintained [illegible]nified silence. When the colonel [illegible]ished, he pointed to the door. [illegible] went out.

[illegible]llowing morning he appeared [illegible]with his coat again unbut[illegible]n the formality was con[illegible]aptain called him to one [illegible]coun[illegible]

[illegible]onel tell you to keep [illegible]d?" he demanded.

[illegible]parded him blankly. [illegible]he colonel tell you [illegible]buttoned?"

[illegible] at the officer with [illegible]n.

[illegible]glish," he affirmed

[illegible]e interest [illegible]was

[illegible]arry Uses Wanted.

[illegible]ed States signal corps has [illegible] an appeal to the owners of all [illegible]rade cameras. The signal corps [illegible]s the lenses of their machines for [illegible] work. It is known that the United States bureau of standards has [illegible]ved the problem of manufacturing [illegible]h-grade optical glass for aircraft [illegible]unera lenses, but apparently they [illegible]nnot be produced in quantity fast enough to equip our fleet of airplanes. The United States has always been a great field for amateur photographers, and there are a large number of high-grade European-made lenses scattered about the country. These lenses the signal corps wants to buy. Long focus lenses working at large apertures are the only kind which can be used.

Eyes Made of Rubber.

Everybody knows at eyes were made to rubber. Very few know that eyes are now being made of rubber. This is one of the million results of the war, notes a correspondent.

Glass eyes are always more or less uncomfortable, and frequently unsightly, and it is interesting, therefore when the deformities of war are so serious a subject of consideration, to learn that two French workers, Mme. Lemaitre and Teuillieres, have evolved an entirely new method of replacing a lost eye. By the use of a combination of a hard and soft rubber substance they have achieved their aim and are producing an eye that looks well and feels well.

Revolution Headquarters.

Of all Boston's early taverns none were of more historic interest and none dispensed greater good cheer than the Green Dragon, which stood until recent years when it had to be torn down in order that the street might be widened. The Green Dragon was called a "nest of treason" by the British because of the way in which the spirit of liberty flourished here and the fact that many meetings held for the purpose of furthering the cause of American independence were held under its roof. Daniel Webster called it the "headquarters of the Revolution."

[illegible]flavine as Antiseptic Fails.

[illegible] acriflavine, which has re[illegible]soda-fountain [illegible]lled the ideal antiseptic some foods, [illegible]elf [illegible]nequivocally [illegible]nder Flem[illegible]gical corps, [illegible] with its [illegible]Meth[illegible]i mi[illegible]icing pub[illegible]o the [illegible] and [illegible]They [illegible]olu[illegible]or certain [illegible]ic[illegible] native [illegible]ify this met[illegible] the fact tha[illegible]h for the ant[illegible]old to Germans, [illegible]ns declare that [illegible]en making huge

[illegible]Holder.

[illegible] pencils almost [illegible]s been invented [illegible]of the left [illegible]ght hand

life with equanimity, to brace ourselves against the shocks of fortune, to learn to smile at pretentiousness, to cultivate poise in the face of losses, let no scarcity in the non-essentials [illegible]h our inner repose, to adjust our [illegible] of value so that we need not [illegible]hat we do not need—these ma[illegible] [illegible]forturi[illegible]

person is. It takes [illegible] wisdom and considerable culture to [illegible]ordinate the self.

Under this definition the baby is sometimes a bore, but we forgive him for we know that he has neither the wisdom nor the culture to set his little self to one side. It should not be expected of him.

But there is about the baby none of the subtle deceitfulness of the old, practiced bore who deftly turns the conversation to his own exploits and affairs. Baby simply takes of the muffler from his personal self. The entire household's attention turns at once to his affairs. He monopolizes the conversation with his breathless account of his hunger or of his connection with the open safety pin—and that is all there is to it.

The growing child frankly finds himself the most interesting person in the world, and we forgive him to some extent and attempt to show him that he must conceal his personal liking for himself. Some of us may recall the story of the little boy who had been a delighted listener while his mother (a real bore) told the neighbors of his cute little manners and ways. When she branched off to some other subject, the little boy listened a while in manifest uneasiness till the conversation lagged the merest trifle. Then he broke in with his perfectly natural request:

"Say, ma, let's talk some more about me."

LAUGHED TO SEE GOLD TEETH

Tartars Indulged in Peculiar Antics to Induce Artist to Display His Decorated Grinders.

The artist who accompanied George Kennan through Russia tells an amusing story about an encounter with a party of tourists, who seemed very curious about the artist's pictures. As the Tartars were armed to the teeth, the artist thought it best to be amiable and smiled a broad and propitiatory smile upon the party. Whereupon the entire party smiled broadly in return and showed great interest in him. He smiled again, more broadly still; whereupon the Tartars came around in front of him and began to go through the most extraordinary antics, laughing still.

The artist gathered somehow that he was expected to laugh, too, and proceeded to gratify their evident wish. The more he laughed the more they laughed, and several big Tartars came around in front of him and lay down on the ground, rolling and tumbling. The artist laughed until his jaws almost cracked. The thing finally became a little alarming, and calling his factotum and interpreter, the artist bade him find out of the head man of the Tartar party what these extraordinary antics were all about.

"His excellency," said the Tartar, in explanation, "smiled upon us, and showed us something which we never saw before—teeth made partly of gold. And as the men of my tribe saw that his golden teeth were only to be seen when he laughed, they took all possible ways to make him laugh, and when they rolled on the ground before him, it was only the better to see into his mouth and behold the golden teeth."

Capturing Gorillas.

It is said that no gorilla has ever been captured alive after he is full grown. Gorillas fear nothing. Even when mortally wounded they show an agility, strength and ferocity which is astonishing. A traveler stated that it would take 150 men to hold down a gorilla with any degree of safety. On the other hand, all other apes are easy to capture. The usual method is for a trapper to seat himself where he is certain to be observed by these creatures and pretend to drink from a bottle of crude spirits. When he is sure that he has been observed, he leaves the bottle and goes away. The moment his back is turned the monkeys rush to appease their curiosity concerning the contents of the bottle. They like the taste of the spirits and quarrel among themselves for it till the bottle has been emptied. They are soon overcome by the intoxicant, and the trapper returns and gathers them up.

Our Other Selves.

The old Hebrew sage declared, "Wisdom cometh from the opportunity of leisure." It does not mean that a wise man must belong to what we call the leisure classes. It means that if one has only a little free time at his disposal, he must use that time for the refreshment of his hidden selves, says S. M. Crothers in the Atlantic. If he cannot have a sabbath rest of twenty-four hours, he must learn to sanctify little sabbaths, it may be of ten minutes' length. In them he shall do no manner of work. It is not enough that the self that works and receives wages shall be recognized and protected; the world must be made safe for our other selves. Does not the Declaration of Independence say that every man has an inalienable right to the pursuit of happiness?

They All Agreed.

"My dear friends," said the hostess when all her guests had assembled, "I am delighted indeed to have you here. I want everybody to have a perfectly good time, and I am going to do whatever I can to make the evening a success. I have tried to think of some kind of a program that would please everybody, but I find it a difficult thing to do, so I am going to ask you to help me out of my trouble. We can talk about the war and thus have a lovely time, with a few fights incidentally perhaps, or my daughter, Penelope will recite for you. Which shall it be?"

Prolonged shouts of "War!"

Origin of "Bankrupt."

Few words have so remarkable a history as "bankrupt." The money changers of Italy had benches or stalls in the bourse or exchange in former times. At these they conducted their ordinary business. When any of them [illegible]ack in the world and became in[illegible] broken, and the [illegible]ch," or "banca When the word

Royal Baking Powder saves eggs in baking

In many recipes only half as many eggs are required, in some none at all, if an additional quantity of Royal Baking Powder is used, about a teaspoon, in place of each egg omitted.

Try the following recipes which *also conserve white flour as urged by the government.*

Corn Meal Griddle Cakes

1½ cups corn meal
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup milk
½ tablespoon shortening
1 tablespoon molasses
½ cup flour
1 teaspoon salt
4 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder
NO EGGS

Scald corn meal in bowl with boiling water; add milk, melted shortening and molasses; add flour, salt and baking powder which have been sifted together; mix well. Bake on hot greased griddle until brown.

(The Old Method called for 2 eggs)

Eggless, Milkless, Butterless Cake

1 cup brown sugar
1¼ cups water
1 cup seeded raisins
2 ounces citron, cut fine
½ cup shortening
½ teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon nutmeg
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup flour
1 cup rye flour
5 teaspoons Royal Baking Powder

Boil sugar, water, fruit, shortening, salt and spices together in saucepan 3 minutes. When cool, add flour and baking powder which have been sifted together. Mix well; bake in loaf pan in moderate oven about 45 minutes.

(The Old Method [Fruit Cake] called for 2 eggs)

Send for our new booklet "55 Ways to Save Eggs." Mailed free on request. Address Royal Baking Powder Co., Dept. H., 135 William Street, New York

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Vend. Exp. Jus. Judg. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House, southeast corner of Eleventh and King streets, City of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON SATURDAY
THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER 1917
at 10 o'clock, A. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

ALL those certain lots or pieces of land with the buildings thereon erected, situate in the City of Wilmington, County of New Castle and State of Delaware.

No. 8 beginning on the southerly side of Sixteenth street formerly called Fifteenth street, at the distance of 340 feet easterly from the easterly side of Claymont street; thence southerly and parallel with Claymont street 86 feet to a corner; thence easterly and parallel with Sixteenth street, formerly called Fifteenth street, 25 feet to a corner; thence northerly and parallel with Claymont street 86 feet to the southerly side of Sixteenth street, formerly called Fifteenth street; thence westerly 25 feet to the place of beginning. Be the contents thereof what they may.

No. 9 being lot No. 6 in section 5, as laid out on plan of Eastlake Park. Beginnning at a point on the southwesterly side of Twenty-ninth street at the distance of 125 feet southeasterly from the southeasterly side of West street, extended; thence southeasterly along the southwesterly side of Twenty-ninth street 25 feet to a corner; thence southwesterly by two lines at right angles to Twenty-ninth street, and parallel with West street, extended, one line from the place of beginning 124 feet 3 inches more or less, the other from the last mentioned corner 113 feet 3 inches more or less where the said lines would intersect Joseph Tatnall's line forming the southern bonndary of this lot. Be the contents thereof what they may.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Marie V. Spiegelhalter, formerly Marie V. Gallagher, and to be sold by

THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., November 14, 1917.

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac., to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House, southeast corner of Eleventh and King streets, City of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON SATURDAY
THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER 1917
at 10 o'clock, A. M.,

the following described real estate, viz:

ALL that certain lot, piece or parcel of land with the stone Mansion house thereon erected situate in the city of Wilmington, aforesaid, bounded and described as follows, to wit:

BEGINNING at the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly side of Eleventh street with the westerly side of Jefferson street; thence southerly along said side of Jefferson street fifty-four feet eleven inches to a corner in line of land now or formerly of James H. Beggs; thence westerly along said line of land and parallel with Eleventh street, one hundred and twenty feet to another corner; thence northerly parallel with Jefferson street fifty-four feet eleven inches to a point in the said southerly side of Eleventh street, and thence therewith easterly one hundred and twenty feet to the place of beginning. Be the contents thereof what they may.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of Ferdinand R. Patzowsky, J. Wirt Willis and Robert H. Richards, Executors of Richard Patzowsky, deceased Mortgagor, and to be sold by

THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., Nov. 12, 1917.

LOOK!

I Buy Old Automobiles for JUNK

JACOB PROTIGAL

515 E. Third St.

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Phone 3508

Owen T. Chance

Contracting
HOUSE PAINTER
Middletown, Delaware

Estimates Given. Your Work Solicited

NOTE—As a resident and tax-payer of Middletown, I feel that I am intitled to estimates on local work.
PHONE 117-3

[illegible] Work G[illegible]

Public Sale!

The undersigned having sold his farm, will positively sell without reserve the following valuable personal property, one-half mile from Warwick, Md., on stone road 4 miles from Middletown, Del.

TUESDAY, December 18th, 1917,

At 10 o'clock sharp.

Horses

No. 1. ALICE, bay mare, 8 year old. This mare is as good as grows and I can't say all about her I wou'd like to say, she is good looking, handy anywhere you put her, a splendid driver and big enough to do anything asked of her, sound and reliable everywhere.

No. 2. MIKE, bay horse, 9 years old, is a full mate to No. 1; they cannot be hooked wrong and are a high-class team in any harness.

No. 3. PAT, coming 4 years old. This is a fine young horse, have worked him in double harness everywhere, true as a good mule, sound, kind and will make good at anything asked of him.

No. 4. NELLIE, bay mare, good driver and worker and anyone can use her.

Nos. 5 and 6. Pair of black mules, 8 years old, an excellent team and cannot be placed wrong, they are mated and broken, true, sound, a big useful pair and I can't say too much for either, nobody owns any better ones.

No. 7. Pair young mules, 2 years old this fall.

15 Head Holstein Cattle

12 head of them are thoroughbred and have their papers with them, the remaining 3 are two high-grade cows and 1 heifer. 3 of these cows will be fresh by day of sale, others are milking now and the remainder will be in profit in a short time. They are high class, good sizes and well marked cattle, and they have cost considerable money but am glad to have them to offer the Public, their breeding is of the finest that can be found and the herd is now headed by "San Jose King Mildred Lyons" (3 years old), son of "King Teehee Lyons," same breeding as "The King" whose 13 nearest dams have records that average 602-13 lbs. milk 402 per cent. fat in 7 days, a record not equaled by any other sire. He is from a 4½ year old, 29 lb. Dam, and she traces three times to the Century Sire, Paul Beets DeKol. You get all tabulated, pedigreed, I have them for each animal sold.

HOGS—4 fine Poland China Brood Sows will farrow on March, 28 fine shoats will weigh 50 to 75 lbs., all healthy and well bred.

POULTRY—Consisting of 100 thoroughbred Plymouth Rock Pullets and a few fine Cockerels.

IMPLEMENTS

Two farm wagons, 2 hay riggings, Ideal Manure Spreader, John Deere Corn Planter and wire, John Deere Mower, horse rake, Randal harrow, 1 new Randal harrow, 1 sulky Oliver plow, 1, 2 and 3-horse plows, 1 Ohio wheel Cultivator, 3 hand Cultivators, 70 tooth spike harrow, B & H grain drill, grindstone, 2 new ground plows, potato plow, 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6-horse trees, shovels, hoes, forks, corn sheller, grain fan, 1 horse cart and harness.

Carriages, Harness, &c.

One top buggy, 1 good set harness, 1 creamery wagon, 1 single top, fit on any creamery wagon, (new); 1 set good creamery wagon harness, 2 sets wagon harness, 4 sets plow harness, lot of good collars, bridles, chains, etc., 1 set of platform scales, 1 seed sower, hay fork, rope and blocks, 1 farm bell, also a lot of Locust and Chestnut posts, 7 ft.; 2 Locust gate posts, 40 rods American wire and a lot of barb wire, several tons good mixed hay by the ton, potatoes by the basket, about 100 baskets; 1 big meat hogshead.

DAIRY FIXTURES—7 milk cans, buckets and other fixtures, milk boxes, feed boxes.

One Lard Press and Sausage Grinder.

Terms of Sale

All sums of $20 and under the Cash will be required, over that amount a credit of 10 months will be given purchaser giving bankable note with approved endorser, interest added from day of sale. No goods to be removed until conditions of sale are complied with.

ROBERT H. MORGAN.

D. P. HUTCHINSON, Auct.
R. L. PRICE, Clerk.
PRICE KING, Outside Clerk.

Dr. L. Randolph Outten

DENTIST

In Townsend every Tuesday and Friday from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS
—OF—
Red Lion Hundred

The taxable residents of Red Lion Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1917 are now due, and the undersigned Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be at

Parlor of Robinson House, Del. City
August 11th, 25th; September 15th, 29
October 13th, 27th; November 10th, 24th; December 8th and 29th. From 9 A. M. to 12 M.

Pennsylvania R. R. Station, Kirkwood
September 10th, 24th, November 10 24th.
From 9 A. M. to 12 M.

AT HOME ALL THE TIME

Tax bills can be obtained by making personal application to the Collector, or by sending written communication enclosing stamps.

Extract from the Laws of Delaware, Governing the Collection of Taxes of New Castle County, Section 3, Chapter 30, Volume 21, Laws of Delaware, as Amended:

SECTION 3—That on all taxes paid before the first day of October there shall be an abatement of five per centum. On all taxes paid before the first day of December there shall be an abatement of three per centum. On all taxes paid during the month of December there shall be no abatement whatever. And on all taxes unpaid on the first day of January there shall be added one-half per centum per month until the same shall be paid.

J. C. STUCKERT
Collector for Red Lion Hundred.

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS
—OF—
Blackbird Hundred!

The taxable residents of Blackbird Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred, are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1917 are now due, and the undersigned Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be

AT FLEMING'S LANDING.
MONDAY, DEC. 24th, 1917
From 1 to 4 P. M.

AT BLACKBIRD,
SATURDAY, DEC. 29th, 1917
From 1 to 4 P. M.

RESIDENCE OF JOHN WALTONS
FRIDAY, DEC. 28th, 1917
From 1 to 4 P.M.

Tax bills can be obtained by making personal application to the Collector, or by sending written communication enclosing stamps.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAWS OF DELAWARE, GOVERNING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY:

Section 3—That on all taxes paid before the first day of October there shall be an abatement of five per centum. On all taxes paid before the first day of December there shall be an abatement of three per centum. On all taxes paid during the month of December there shall be no abatement whatever. And on all taxes unpaid on the first day of January there shall be added one-half of one per centum per month until the same shall be paid.

JOHN BEITH,
Collector of Taxes for Blackbird Hundred

SHERIFF'S SALE—BY VIRTUE OF a writ of Lev. Fac. to me directed, will be exposed to Public Sale at the Court House, Southeast Corner of Eleventh and King Streets, City of Wilmington, New Castle County, Delaware.

ON SATURDAY,
THE FIRST DAY OF DECEMBER 1917
At 10 o'clock, A. M.,

the following described Real Estate viz:

ALL that certain lot, piece or parcel of land with the buildings thereon erected, situate in the City of Wilmington, New Castle County, and State of Delaware, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

BEGINNING at the corner formed by the intersection of the southerly side of Taylor Street, with the westerly side of Buttonwood Street, thence westerly along said side of Taylor Street, sixty feet to a corner; thence southerly parallel with Buttonwood Street eighteen feet six inches to a corner; thence easterly parallel with Taylor Street, sixty feet to the westerly side of Buttonwood Street aforesaid, and thence thereby northerly eighteen feet six inches to the place of BEGINNING. Be the contents thereof what they may.

Seized and taken in execution as the property of William Adelman, and Rebecca Adelman, his wife, Mortgagors and t. t. s. and to be sold by

THEODORE W. FRANCIS, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Wilmington, Del., Nov. 12, 1917.

The Transcript, $1.00

The Most Loved of All Presents

Howard Wathes
Hamilton Watches
Jewelry
Cut Glass and
Silverware

Everything found in an up-to-date Jewelry Store

S. E. MASSEY
Middletown, - Delaware

NOTICE TO TAXPAYERS
—OF—
APPOQUINIMINK HUNDRED

The taxable residents of Appoquinimink Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred, are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1917 are now due, and the undersigned Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be

AT THE OFFICE OF D. B. MALONEY, IN TOWNSEND, DEL.,
EVERY MONDAY,
During DEC. 1917,
From 2 to 5 o'clock, P. M.

Tax bills can be obtained by making personal application to the Collector, or by sending written communication enclosing stamps.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAWS OF DELAWARE, GOVERNING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY, SECTION 3, CHAPTER 30, VOLUME 21, LAWS OF DELAWARE, AS AMENDED:

Section 3—That on all taxes paid before the first day of October there shall be an abatement of five per centum. On all taxes paid before the first day of December there shall be an abatement of three per centum. On all taxes paid during the month of December there shall be no abatement whatever. And on all taxes unpaid on the first day of January there shall be added one-half of one per centum per month until the same shall be paid.

JOSEPH C. HUTCHISON,
Collector of Taxes for Appoquinimink Hundred

NOTICE TO TAX-PAYERS
—OF—
St. Georges Hundred

The taxable residents of St. Georges Hundred, and all persons liable to pay tax in said Hundred, are hereby notified that the Taxes for the year 1917 are now due, and the undersigned Tax Collector for said Hundred, will be

AT R. S. CARPENTER'S STORE, IN PORT PENN,
WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26th, 1917
From 9 to 11 A. M.

TOWN OFFICE, MIDDLETOWN
EVERY SATURDAY,
DURING DEC. 1917
From 2 to 5 o'clock P. M.

AT LEE SPARKS OFFICE, IN ODESSA
FRIDAY, DEC. 28th, 1917
From 2 to 5 P. M.

Tax bills can be obtained by making personable application to the Collector or by sending written communication enclosing stamps.

EXTRACT FROM THE LAWS OF DELAWARE, GOVERNING THE COLLECTION OF TAXES OF NEW CASTLE COUNTY, SECTION 3, CHAPTER 30, VOLUME 21, LAWS OF DELAWARE, AS AMENDED:

Section 3—That on all taxes paid before the first day of October there shall be an abatement of five per centum. On all taxes paid before the first day of December there shall be an abatement of three per centum. On all taxes paid during the month of December there shall be no abatement whatever. And on all taxes unpaid on the first day of January there shallbe added one-half of one per centum per month until the same shall be paid.

T. EDGAR CLAYTON,
Collector of Taxes for St. Georges Hundred

Why Gates Half-Sole Tires Outware Ordinary Tires

Here is the vital part to you—the tread of the Gates Half Sole Tire is made out of such exceedingly tough, resilient, elastic rubber that it is nearly impossible for even the sharpest stone to injure it—this means that it will wear far better than any tire you have ever used before.

Besides—they cost a great deal less—and remember there is no expense for putting them on.

The Half Sole Tires are guaranteed to run

3,500 MILES

B. F. Gallagher
Middletown, Del.

agent for the International Rubber Co. will be glad to receiv[illegible] from automobile owners.